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Congo News Letter

JANUARY 1943

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A NEW YEAR MESSAGE

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE BAPTIST WORLD ALLIANCE

(Dr. Rushbrooke)

To my fellow-Baptists everywhere I would send a personal word of fraternal greeting, rejoicing in memories of happy intercourse with very many of you, and commending all to God and to the word of His grace.

From the time of the First Baptist World Congress ("London, 1905"), at which our Alliance was founded, and largely owing to their use at that Congress, two hymns have stood out as the popular anthems of our people. I have heard them in all parts of the earth, and they appear in the programme of every international gathering we hold.

The first of these is:

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

How deeply meaningful are its words in these days of trial and separation! They tell of an indestructible fellowship which transcends all racial and social, political and cultural, distinctions. *In Christ Jesus We Are One.* Rising above all difference of opinion on mundane issues; and all the passions of war, let the inspiration and joy of this spiritual fact flood our hearts and minds. So shall our love be sustained until, in God's good time, we who are now parted and perchance, even dwell in hostile lands, shall again meet and again unitedly acclaim the enduring tie of Christian brotherhood which no strain has loosed or broken. Whom God hath joined together, oceans cannot part, and man cannot put asunder.

The second is:

"All hail the power of Jesus' Name," with its stirring refrain, ("Crown Him Lord of all.")

How direct and significant is its message! "Lord of all" –nothing left aside. It implies the *enthronement of Jesus in all life*–personal and social, economic and cultural, national and international. It is His royal authority which is flouted and rejected in the evils by which men destroy themselves and one another; and it is in His Name alone that we can hope to take any effective part in shaping a "new earth where in dwelleth righteousness," and in which war shall be no more. As we seek to overcome the moral and spiritual chaos of our age, we can never forget that finally everything turns on persons and on their relation to Jesus Christ. "*None but changed people can change the world*" was the message of our Atlantic Congress, "*Apart from Me ye can do nothing*" is the word of our Lord, mightily enforced to-day by poignant tragedy and bitter moral failure. No new and abiding world-order can be fashioned without Him. The shallow optimism that once regarded progress as inevitable is now utterly shattered; yet we are not reduced to despair for "we see Jesus," and know that in Him is all-sufficiency for all things. That message we shall proclaim in 1943. Evangelisation remains, as always, our supreme task and obligation; and surely this time has taught us how urgent it is, and how truly *lost* are Christless men. For their souls, sake, but also for the welfare of our kind throughout the earth, we are called, as God gives us grace, to persuade our fellow-men of every land to "crown Him Lord of all." The vision may tarry; slowly indeed, with many a disappointment, the harvests of human welfare ripen; but every soul that has truly accepted the King is a living seed of goodness, and brings nearer the triumph of the Kingdom of "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit."

Through all the year, in our fellowship and service, be the days dark or bright, we shall know "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit." Therefore let us "be strong and very

courageous."

In unity of faith, hope and love, I greet all my brethren in East and West, in North and South; and pray for them a blessed New Year

OUR JOURNEY TO CONGO

Patience, patience, have patience, patience be patient. Uncertain waiting demands an abundance of that which is so often flippantly referred to as patience but which came to have a very significant meaning to Lillian and me.

When classes and examinations at the Kennedy School of Missions came to an end the 20th of May, 1942, we knew that for the second time application had been made for the passport which would allow us to go to Congo. We hoped and prayed that it might be granted, and although we talked together a little of what we should do if the passport was not forth coming, the lack of any real planning seems to have been the result of an underlying confidence that it was God's will that this year we were to begin our work in Congo. We spoke much more often of when we get to Congo, rather than if we get to Congo. We had begun getting some of our possessions together and planning where and how different things would be packed, such as, what we would need on the voyage and what would be sent by freight.

Into this happy atmosphere of calm, orderly planning fell the bomb. Saturday morning, May 23, we received an airmail letter from our Mission Board telling us that our passport had been granted and that because there was a slight possibility that we might secure passage on a ship leaving Tuesday we should be in New York Monday afternoon. Then began some of the busiest hours I have ever seen. We had four large wooden cases, two steamer trunks, and four suitcases to pack. Band iron and nails for the cases had to be bought, and all personal affairs needed to be put in order. Saturday night we put through two long distance phone calls to our families in Chicago. It seemed like a poor substitute for a farewell, because we had not been home

for nine months and were to leave America in war time for four years, but it turned out to be quite happy as we all felt that at last our hopes of going to Congo were to be fulfilled.

If Saturday had been busy, Sunday was more than busy. The final lesson in the Men's Bible class of the Central Baptist church in Hartford, was taught, and the farewell to their quite youthful teacher was very generously expressed with a new Gladstone bag. Then, notwithstanding gasoline rationing, we were hurried by car to the Memorial Baptist church where I had promised to supply the pulpit. This service was followed by a dinner engagement made sometime before which we did not want to miss.

How the rest of the packing was finished by Monday morning we will never know. When the last case and trunk was sent off to the freight depot we could begin to think of what lay ahead, but I wonder what our thoughts would have been had we really known what the future held.

Arriving in New York we found that the Belgian visa for our passport had not yet come through, and so all hope of sailing on Tuesday was gone. On that day then, began a period of waiting which was more trying even than the year spent in Hartford or the weeks which had passed until the passport application had been granted. We began and closed each day with the hope that this day or the next might bring good news, but more often than not each new day seemed to bring added disappiontment and fresh problems.

Two weeks passed before we received the cheering news that the Belgian visa had at last come through. At the same time passage was secured on a ship scheduled to sail three or four days later for Cape Town, South Africa. Passport and visas were secured and validated, and custom declarations of baggage were displayed for inspection. Here we ran into another problem; all papers, letters, books, photographs, and victrola records had to be passed by censor before sailing. If there was any quantity at all they must be delivered to censor's office some days before sailing. In addition, I found that an export license must be secured from Washington for the camera films

I wished to take. Lillian and I feverishly unpacked all communications putting them in a separate suitcase and box, and repacked the other things. A rush application was sent off for the license We were relieved somewhat when sailing of the ship was postponed, but we might just as well have taken our time, for even if those things had been accomplished in time, which they were not, we still could not have gotten away. The morning of the day of sailing we learned that our booking was only as substitute, and as no last minute vacancies occurred we were not on the passenger list. Five and a half weeks were to pass before there was even a chance of getting a boat.

During the weeks that passed we lived only from one to the next. We couldn't leave New York nor could we make plans of any sort. It was customary to receive no more than 24, or at most 48, hours notice of a ship's sailing. This time proved to be the real testing of our faith and patience. It also saw our passport expire because of the time limit. Friday morning, July 24, a phone call came saying that passage was booked for us on a ship sailing Tuesday, July 28th. By that time we were almost fearful of becoming too hopeful. Again the passport and visa formalities were attended to, and a rush effort was started to get our grocery order ready to go on the same ship. But delays and troubles were not at an end. However, in time each problem was solved or disappeared, or a compromise was reached. The day by day postponment of sailing helped considerably. Suddenly out of the clouds of uncertainty, word came Friday morning, July 31, that we were to be at the pier, that same aftenoon to pass custom's inspection and go on board our boat. As visitors were discouraged from going to the pier our farewells were said at Mission Headquarters. We will never lose the solemn impression made upon us by the farewell prayer meeting in Dana Albaugh's office with the various officers of the Society present. During the reading of the 91st psalm and the prayer it seemed that truly God's blessing was falling on us and our journey.

Some day, after the war is over (in the near future I hope and pray), I will try and write in detail our trip, but now much

that I would write might be considered of help to the enemy should it fall into his hands, and would be censored anyway. So just use your imagination a little, and the stories you may read in the newspapers.

We sailed on a Norwegian freighter, one of the cleanest and finest ships I have ever seen. Our captain knew his job thoroughly and in addition was kind and helpful at all times. Our respect and liking for him grew daily, as it did for all the officers and crew.

We traveled during war and over perilous seas. This fact was impressed continually upon our minds by everything around us as well as by many experiences. For example: just after sitting down for our first meal after arriving in the Congo river Lillian suddenly started to get up from the table saying, "Oh, I forgot my lifebelt". We had carried them or had them beside us the whole trip and they had become so much a part of our lives that their absence was immediately noticed.

The newspapers at home talk about convoys, submaries, and the sinking of ships. We too could add our stories. The newspapers tell of survivors being picked up. We could tell of some who were picked up after 28 days in a lifeboat. But one thing they don't tell about that we can, is the loving watch care of God for his own. Seven out of ten passengers were missionnaries. Time after time the captain reported how he was influenced by a "feeling" or "intuition" to change decisions and by so doing avoid what later events showed would have been disastrous or unfortunate. We could have told him, and did, that there was One to whom we prayed many times a day, who was guiding and watching that ship. There was no other possible answer to some events than that God was keeping us.

By way of interest, both Lillian and I had our birthdays on board, with parties, cakes, and all the trimmings. We had many other good times. In fact, the presence of war was pushed into the background as much as possible for our own peace of mind, but we saw one or two effects of continuous apprehensions. The question arose whether we should sleep in

our clothes at night, or be comfortable, Lillian and I decided that we wouldn't give anyone the satisfaction of depriving us of a good night's sleep.

One event which caused widespread excitement and interest among passengers and crew alike was the birth of seven puppies. During the following weeks their growth was watched with loving care by one and all. However it did bring up one question, should we try to take one with us when we got to Congo. Finally our better judgement, or perhaps someone might say my hard heart, won out and we did not. (P.S.-we have one now, but of a different familly. His name is Buster.)

We were on board so long that it almost seemed as though we had no other home. It was with very deep emotions that we first sighted land and the mouth of the Congo river on Wednesday, September 23rd. We landed at Matadi on Friday afternoon, September 25th exactly eight weeks to the day from the time we came aboard. We had traveled on many strange waters which I had never expected to see, we had had many delays and adventures, but at last we stepped ashore in Congo.

There was much joking with the Belgian officials when I said that it was my third visit to Congo, and that I came the first time 28 years ago. They looked at me again, with doubt plainly expressed. This doubt broke into chuckles when it was explained that I was only a few days old the first time.

This letter has proved to be much longer than I expected. Let me say in closing, we thank God for a safe journey, and we pledge again our lives to His service. What we see here makes us all the more happy that He has seen fit to allow us the privilege of working among these people.

Next time Lillian will write what she thinks of, and sees in, Congo on her first visit.

Pray for us as we begin our work in this country, that our labors for Christ may be blessed as were those of my mother and father.

ROLAND G. METZGER

"KEEP YOUR FEET IN THE PATH"

"Keep your feet in the path" was said to me by one of our native pastors, David Muzinga. It was good advice in so far as it was possible to carry it out. During a dry season itinerary to the Bayaka country, we had left the Chevy at the Kwango river and we were visiting some villages along the river that can not be reached by car. I had gone to the village of Ngamuele while Rhoda stayed in the village of Takundi. The trip and the necessary work in the village took longer than I had anticipated, so it was dark before we got started back to Takundi. Muzinga was taking the lead through a strip of forest and my kipoyi men were following as well as they could.

The carriers did a lot of grumbling about my lack of foresight in not bringing a lantern along, and in general throwing the burden for any mishaps on the white man as they always do. We take these things in stride and do not let them bother us much. I could not see my hand in front of my face but offered to get out of the kipoyi and walk if that would be of any help. This was refused; and called forth the remark. "If you got out to talk and fell down and broke a leg, we should still have to carry you. So you better stay in and keep well." One of the men stepped out of the narrow path and bumped the kipoyi against a tree. The others shouted at him, but Muzinga calmed them down with a quiet "Watch your step". They all hooted and wanted to know how they could watch their step when they could not even see their feet; and his answer was: "If you can not see your feet, you can at least keep them in the path." All of them seemed to agree that they could do that, so on we went.

In this particular case, joy came without waiting for the morning. We got to our camp about nine o'clock and Rhoda had bought a good supply of native food. The carriers forgot all about their troubles as they filled up on the heavy dough that they think is the only food that satisfies them. They eat quite a variety of things, but this manioc flour dough is the only food that leaves enough weight in the stomach to be convincing. The next day I asked them if any one needed medical

attention. They quite indignantly asked why they would need medicine. I said that some of them might have knocked off a toe nail or barked a shin in the darkness, to which the only reply was a disdainful: "Huh, do you think we are Bambala?" The Bambala are a neighboring tribe who live more on the plains and do not travel the Kwango hills.

For all their ignorance, filth, laziness, and spiritual fears, the Bayaka are a proud and independent people. As the Israelites of old said "We are children of Abraham" so the present day Bayaka say proudly "We are children of Chief Dinga," meaning that they are the best there is; and as such, they feel no need for a Savior.

When Dr. Lerrigo was here on his last visit, we had gone trough a very trying session with our native people. They had bombard him with questions, the burden of which was "We want money, and why don't we get it?" After the meeting we were taking a walk around the village and Dr. Lerrigo turned to me and said, "Only a Christian would be fool enough to spend his life for these people and try to build a church here." That may be true. If we are fools for Christ's sake, we are satisfied.

As I sat in the darkness in my kipoyi and was carried on to my camp home, I thought of the faith of the hymn writer of old who wrote: "Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see the distant scene. One step enough for me." I ask your prayers for our Bayaka that they may learn to walk by faith, even over the unfamiliar path to glory.

B.W. ARMSTRONG.

"THE WITCHES HAVE IT GOOD NOW"

"The witches have it good now that you missionaries are here." The remark was made by Thomas Mba as he and Miss Anderson were sitting in the laboratory the other day working at their microscopes. The remark was the result of a conversation about a "witch" who had recently come to the hospital.

The old woman had arrived at the hospital disheveled and crying, because she had been set upon and beaten by

entire strangers, simply because she was old, and therefore a witch. She had been wending her weary way to Kikongo because our reputation had gone forth as being kind to "witches". She had arrived at the little stream in the valley just before reaching the station and she put her burden on the ground and stopped for a refreshing drink and a little rest before climbing the last hill that separated her from her goal. She was very weary indeed. Hook-worm had taken its toll of her blood and tissues and she was a pitiful sight to behold... yellow dry skin and yellow matted hair replaced the satiny brown skin and kinky black hair speckled with grey that should have been hers.

However, her piteous condition had no effect no the two young men who came along. To them she was just an occasion for sport. They despoiled her bundle containing food, sleeping mat etc., and then began to revile and beat her. Why? Because she was old, and therefore a witch. It is such a convenient way to get out of the responsibility of caring for the old women..... just call them witches when they can no longer bear children or spend a long day at hard labor in the garden. By that simple expedient you can beat them and starve them to death and thus be relieved of the burden of caring for them. It is quite "orthodox" and no stigma attached..... in a society which believes in witches.

Passers-by rescued the old woman from her tormentors and helped her up the hill to the hospital.

She has been in treatment for some weeks and is now looking much better. Unfortunately all who come to the hospital for treatment are not Christians, or at least do not act like Christians, and even now the old woman is taunted and laughed at. Her tongue is the only weapon she has, so she cries back at her persecutors "some day you will be old; once I was young, and I danced all the way from the Wamba river to the Inzia river, and the young men all followed me." No doubt they did; but she can no longer "shake a wicked hip" in the best Congo tradition, so she is a "witch"; someone to be taunted, laughed at, beaten and chased from the village to go off and die alone. There is nothing left for her to do in self-defense but to accept the role of witch

and threaten her tormentors with bewitchment and sorcery.

But, as Mba said, the "witches have it good now", and this little old woman has refuge here where she is fed and housed and her aging body cared for by folk who know that she is not a witch, but rather "one of those least" for whom Christ died.

As we work side by side with the more advanced people of this land, those who lives have been changed by the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, we often wonder what thoughts pass thru their minds. We ardently wish that we might read more of their thoughts than we can. For Mba followed up his remark with this information. "I saw my grandmother buried alive as a witch. They buried her in the ground and left just her head sticking out. When we asked father why grandmother was struggling and gasping for breath, he answered 'now just be quiet and don't bother your heads about grandmother. She is a witch' ".

As I look into the mirror at my own grey hairs growing daily more numerous, I cannot help but think to myself, "there, but for the great compassion of Christ, goes a witch".

V.L. SMITH

OUR CONGO WOMEN

The percentage of literacy among Congo women is very low. Education for boys is more popular than for girls. Mothers still say when urged to send their girls to school, "What will it profit her to read? will she ever hold a clerical position?" Few have come to appreciate knowledge as a part of that "more abundant life." Among those who can pass the Congo literacy test which is to read in the Bible, a disappointingly small number are using their knowledge to help others. The fact that they are not paid has been given as one reason.

With this situation weighing heavily upon our hearts we sent letters out to all our churches inviting the women who can an read the Bible to come to Sona Bata for a week beginning January 6th. We did not include the girls for we could not accommodate such a large company.

We realized this was a busy time as it is early summer in Congo and the people were asked to make more and larger

gardens this year as a part of th War Effort. It is also the rainy season when long journeys are precarious especially for little children. Many women sent their regrets being kept at home because of work, illness or great distance.

Only fifty-three came, many walking one or two days from early morning until sundown. The wife of one Pastor, herself a boarding- school graduate took two days to walk what is usually one day's journey because of a badly deformed foot due to burns. One walked twenty miles carrying a baby on her back and a big squash on her head. Another carried a bunch of bananas, three ears of corn, and a pineapple twenty-five miles. The missionary was quite overcome when all but the baby were presented to her by these former pupils.

Each woman registered and received a card with her name and church written on it which she wore during the week. How happy they were to live in the Girl's Dormitory. For several it was coming back as an alumna for the first time in several years. Their faces beamed and how they did talk. Away into the night they sat recalling the experiences and episodes of former years. Two women who had helped Mrs. Frederickson in the dispensary thirty years ago when Sona Bata had no hospital or doctor were espcially happy to be together. Mbudi had a nervous breakdown from which she did not recover for several years. She has never married, but has given her strenght and her earnings to her sister's family. Ngunga, a zealous Christian worker, is the wife of a pastor and the mother of one of the first two young women in Congo to receive a diploma as a trained infirmière (nurse). Ngunga felt so sorry to see Mbudi poorly dressed that she bought material for a new dress and gave her one of her own as well.

The women led the station devotional service each morning at six o'clock and had charge of the Week of Prayer services each evening. At ten o'clock we had a meeting at which subjects of a practical nature were considered and discussed. Mrs. Tuttle spoke to them one morning on the care and feeding of children, giving each a mimeographed outline of her address with feeding schedules, formulas and helps for

the baby's first year. At this meeting one of the women spoke on Home Training drawing her lessons from the story of Hannah and Samuel.

Miss Satterberg used charts to illustrate her teaching of hygiene. The discussions which followed these lessons brought to light many wrong and harmful conceptions and practices. Following Miss Satterberg Ma Ngunga brought us some helpful thoughts from the life of Mary Magdalene.

One morning a representative from each center told us what the women of her church are doing to help build Christ's Kingdom in Congo.

We were all impressed by the fact that very little is being done by the women: that they have lacked zeal and consecration.

Miss Bonar spoke to us that afternoon on "Prayer" and Miss Anderson directed our thought during one session to "consecration." The women themselves brought us thoughtful messages from the life of Lydia and the woman of Samaria.

The last week-day afternoon we considered "Service"; the duty, privilege, joy and compulsion of it for everyone of us. The question of remuneration was brought out into the open and appeared very unworthy as some had at first conceived it. It was pointed out to them how much Christian women in American are doing through White Cross and other channels without monetary compensation. We did not ask the women to pledge themselves to service but I am sure many resolved in their hearts to be about their Master's business. As we left the meeting one of the women said, "Mama," the Holy Spirit surely led you to call us together for these days." Some came to the house later to tell me they were going to wear their credential cards as they went about witnessing. From this time on there was a greater manifestation of unity and joy.

Sunday we attended the regular church services. In the afternoon a company of thirty or more went out to the leper colony to hold a meeting. In the evening we united with the regular congregation in an open meeting for testimony, scripture tests, prayer and singing as all felt led. Sometimes five women were on their feet at once, and the men had difficulty in finding an opening to speak. Some visiting

missionaries of another Society working in a newer field in the Kwango area were present and greatly impressed with the knowledge of Scripture and the ease with which the women took part in a large, mixed gathering.

There was ability and power in this group of Bible-reading women. We pray that they will use it more in service for their Lord and for their fellows until Christ can say of each one, "She hath done what she could" and many of their fellow villagers will believe on Him "because of the word of the woman".

RUTH MACDIARMID

LIGHT FOR CHRISTMAS

Our electric light plant broke down at Sona Bata, last August. Until it was repaired – for over three months—we were in darkness. Just at Christmas, our engine began working, again—no wonder, then, that many eyes appeared to be magnetically drawn to the beautiful star of electric lights which had been placed above our Sona Bata church on this Christmas Eve. It held us near the church long after the evening service had ended. Against their will, young and old departed for their lodging places.

At 5 o'clock in the morning, it shone, again—telling us, it seemed, about the Light which came to Earth, many years ago —the light which can conquer Darkness and save us all from evil, if we only believe. From each village of our station, at this early hour, there arose Christmas carols–hospital nurses, workmen; teachers, school boys and school girls — each group marched to the church, singing as they came, all joining in one song, as the entered the church together, praising the Lord for the birth of our Saviour.

Later in the morning, we gathered together for another Christmas program of songs by several groups—men, women and children—then followed a Christmas pageant, and a short preaching service. The green plam branches, used as background for the pageant, and the palm branch roof, protecting the congregation from the hot tropical sun, made the place very beautiful and festive in appearance Toward the end of the service; the serveral hundred which were present gladly shared

in giving gifts to the poor and needy.

Christmas feasts took place at noon—village teachers, school children, workmen and hospital nurses with their families, enjoyed dinners of meat (goat or beef), beans, rice, pumpkin seeds, greens, bananas, cake or cookies and coffee. A progam of lively games offered after-dinner amusement during the remaining hours of daylight.

It began to get dark, a little after six, when we returned to clean up the grounds. We turned on the lights and, to our surprise, the star shone, again. (The current had not been disconnected.) It was just as bright as the evening before and in the early morning. It seemed to tell us that the Light of Christ is still shining and that It will never leave, if we believe. Christmas joys come but once a year, but the Peace of Christ may be in our hearts forever.

VENDLA ANDERSON

STATION NEWS

BANZA MANTEKE NEWS

The Banza Manteke staff has undergone something of a metamorphosis during the past dry season.

At Mr. Erickson's invitation I arrived in the early part of July in order to help out with the itineration during the months of July and August. This meant leaving Mr. Robbins alone with the itineration in the Vanga field and yet the latter generously urged that Banza Manteke be given this help. I was accompanied by Timotio Vingadio of the Kimpese staff, better known as Dr. Mabie's assistant, and together we put on an evangelistic campaign. The Banza Manteke field has been ravaged by a regular epidemi of drinking of fermeted spirits made of sugar cane and it has wrought great havoc in the entire church, with a resulting low spiritual level. The results of the evangelistic campaign were most encouraging, decisions for Christ being made in almost every village visited.

In one village where the church had become all but extinct there were 31 dicisions. — While on this itinerary I received news of the death of my sister another sister having died only two months before.

The last week of july the Advisory Committee met here to consider the staffing situation at Banza Manteke and Kimpese. The Ericksons were designated to Kimpese and Miss Cooper and Mr. Engwall to Banza Manteke.

The Ericksons left to take up their work at Kimpese during the early part of August and a few days later I left for Vanga to pack my goods. This left Miss Youngsman alone at the station for about four weeks.

On september 9th I arrived from Vanga to take up the work here. On sepetember 23rd Miss Cooper arrived from Kikongo to take over the educational work.

On September 25th Drs. Tuttle and Brebner-Smith arrived for one of their much appreciated professional visits. They performed 15 major operations in two days.

We were thrilled by the news of the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Metzger in Congo after a most perilous journey across the Atlantic in war time. It was decided that I should go to Matadi to bring the new missionaries to Banza Manteke in time for the matondo meetings on Sunday September 27th. Incidentally the arrival of the Metzgers marked epochal event in our Congo A.B.F.M.S. missionary annals since Roland Metzger is the first child of A.B.F.M.S. missionaries to take up permanent work in Congo. With their arrival the Banza Manteke staff increased from one to four in less than a month.

Miss Youngsman has recently been appointed medical authority for a good part of the Banza Manteke field. This recognition by the government will add prestige but also a good deal of work to her already heavy schedule.

MARTIN S. ENGWALL

MOANZA NEWS

These are happy and busy days at Moanza, and although days with their quota of problems nevertheless days of oppor-

tunity. We have recently completed two long trips covering five of our Church Centers. During the past few months new sites were chosen for four Church and Regional School centers, and our visits have resulted in seeing new buildings completed or well under construction. At one site a church has been built with stone pillars since timber is very scarce in that region. At only one center has there been a real lack of response, that of Mukisu. We are so anxious to have a Regional school in that area however, that we consented to hire men to do the work that should have been done voluntarily by the church, rather than abandon the project. Since only fifty-four out of a membership of some two hundred and seventy are in good standing, that may in part account for our difficulties there. But even though we are at times sorely tried and vexed with them, we must admit that they are more deserving of pity than censor. We desperately need more mature and trained men to shepherd these churches.

As some of you know, a very severe check of the whole Church membership was made in 1940-41. Several hundred were dropped. In our two northern churches groups have been reinstated during each of our visits. This month however we had the joy of seeing well over a hundred restored to fellowship. Though this is an area which Mr. Engwall reported as greatly troubled by dancing in 1939-40, yet today, probably over half the active membership of our eight churches is in the membership of these two. Ntsomo, the Pastor loaned us by Vanga, is beginning a fine work and has already won the hearts and confidence of the teachers and people. Offerings are again on the up-trend and we were able to add a franc a month to the teachers salaries. Although this means the pay of some has been doubled since 1940 when we arrived, they are still woefully underpaid. Ntsomo had worked with us for several years in the Vanga field, knows our methods and standards, and is lifting a great burden from us in the shepherding of some thirty-odd Villages. Some of our other pastors, though faithful to the best of their ability, just do not have capacity for adequately carrying the work or demanding the deep respect of the people.

Village school-work is also on a slow up-grade and we are seeing fruit of the three Institutes held with the Teacher-Evangelists. A well trained native to do even a meager work after the Jeannes type would be invaluable to the whole field. Probably our two head Station teachers are capable of such a work but are just too valuable and indispensable in their present positions. Obtaining food for school and hospital is proving even more difficult this year than last. School boys are sent out Fridays a long two days trip for food and do not return Monday until too late for classes. Even then the supply is insufficient. Goats too cannot be bought at any price within reason. In spite of it we can pay tribute to the boys and girls, that they have shown a fine spirit and have worked well. One cannot, however, be blind to the fact that it has tremendously lowered their efficiency both in class and work. Meanwhile we still have a crew of men cutting away forest land getting ready for the January burnings when we can plant more plantations of manioc and maize. Although the teachers seem to think we have done exceedingly well with the amount of garden planted, we should be happy if it were tripled.

As you know, the new Moanza site has been occupied a little less than five years. This year a number of the temporary buildings— boys' dormitories, some of the wards and infirmiers houses, and station teachers' houses, decided to show their state by falling down, caving in or blowing over, and all at about the same time. A group of workmen have therefore been busy for the past few weeks on reconstruction of these. (A nice big hole in Up-keep Appropriation) But the results have been gratifying in some really neat and well built structures even though I have been unable to give very close supervision. Perhaps a good bit of this is due to Mr. Atkins having left us a couple of good Kapita (bosses) and a group of workmen willing to set their hand to any task asked of them.

Twenty five days were spent in the district during October, which means that Mrs. Brown has been carrying a very heavy load at the Station; Boarding school, Day school and

supervising the medical work. In addition to the thousand and one requests that always come to the missionary in any case. Speaking of the medical work, we are wondering what the future may hold for us. Dr. Freas was with us for a short visit in September. A Cesarian Section was one of the eight operations performed, doubtless saving life of both mother and baby. To say nothing of the anxiety and strain the alternative would have imposed upon Mrs. Brown in Doctor's absence. Evidently it was the first of its nature to be performed here at Moanza for it has caused a great stir of interest and astonishment to the native population. Whether that was the reason, or just that people had a long time been awaiting the visit of a doctor, we do not know. In any case, when I came in from the District two days before we expected his visit, I found every nook and corner occupied by waiting people, including the big new mud-thatch ward. Next day workmen were called and a big shed-like hanger was begun, in size some twelve by forty feet. It was no sooner completed than occupied and overfilled. Another had the same fate. Apart from the regular patients there must have been another two hundred.

The day of the expected arrival came and went-but no doctor. Another, a third, a fourth, and still a fifth. Sickness at Vanga had prevented his being able to leave, and it was not until the seventh at about one thirty A.M. that we were awakened by his knock at our back door. His arrival was a welcome relief, because we had so feared our people would begin to leave. We knew how much harder it would be to get them to return after a first disappointment, for some of them had been with us over two weeks, and under near famine conditions.

Doctor did TWENTY-SIX operations in the next three days! How many other cases were examined or diagnosed — I would not dare guess. Mrs. Brown had so many cases "saved up" to "ask him about" that I near despaired gettting a word in. As though he had been been enjoying a vacation or picnic, instead of such strain, doctor was up and off for Vanga Monday at four-thirty A.M.

Baby clinics still run about 200 to 225 each Saturday.

But the births promise an all time high. Starting very slowly the first few months of the year they have increased in numbers each month, with 85-90 to date for the year. Probably twenty mothers are waiting now, here at the hospital. To some this may not seem many but remember that Moanza lacks a doctor or nurse. Vanga staff was so kind to lend us an infirmier in order that Mpula, our own, might have a much needed rest. We wish many of you could have heard his message at this morning's service, in which he bore testimony to past experience and future aspirations. His whole life has been a splendid example of the Spiritual in every day practice. For the sake of our home constituency we would like to note that it is thru the great generosity of "Foreami" and its Director here in Congo that our Baby clinics are carried on, and will also make possible in part the visit of the doctor on alternate months.

LEWIS A. BROWN

TONDO TIDINGS

The year 1942 has closed. Mr. Brown had the oversight of some 150 Christian evangelists and workers on the station and through-out the district. All villages in which evangelistic and school work is carried on and many others as well were visited during the year by Mr. Brown or Miss Eldredge. Many of these were revisited and still others reached by Dr. Russell who gave a spiritual as well as medical emphasis in connection with the government-advised census seeking the control and improvement of health conditions in the Colony. Baptismal services followed by the Lord's Supper took place at all church centers. One hundred and fifty-three converts were baptized during the year.

Mrs. Brown has charge of the Sunday School work at Tondo. There are four departments meeting for Bible study in different sections of the compound, and a bell summons all to the church for a closing period for lesson summary and worship.

The women of the community meet for worship, prayer and praise each Tuesday, Mrs. Russell being their councillor. Special prayer meetings in the missionary's home with small

groups of women is enriching their lives and challenging the women to more joyous living and bolder witnessing for Christ in their hut-homes and at their work.

The second week in September found the local schools buzzing with activity—32 girls and 77 boys in the respective Boarding Schools and over 100 in the local day school of whom 46 were women. A group of faithful men, and women including the aging but still active Maggie Rattray, assist Mr. Brown and Miss Eldredge in the teaching. The pupils are full of pep and pranks, but with prayerful persistent teaching by life and lip we hope the Church of tomorrow may have stalwart leaders and Christ-owned homemakers. As opportunity has been available in the past pupils have gone from the schools here for higher training at Kimpese and Sona Bata. At present we have a young man and a couple at Kimpese, and two fine couples fitting themselves for medical work at the Sona Bata school.

In late years American Baptists have developed a solid block of work south and eastward in Congo, wheras the pioneers by establishing Tshumbiri and Tondo anticipated a trend northwards. Relinquishing Tshumbiri a number of years ago, the link binding Tondo to the southern block was severed. Today Tondo is on the northern fringe of a solid block of British Baptist Mission work extending from the Kwa river in a northerly direction through Tshumbiri, Bolobo and Lukolela. There are several languages spoken throughout this area, but Bobangi, in which all work was carried on at Tondo beginning with 1894 and for many years, is the most important one, and the one in which have been translated most of the Bible, many Christian and some school texts.

It is not without significance that since 1940, lacking in our American Baptist family medical missionaries to staff Tondo station, the British Baptist Mission has provided two doctors and a nurse. Dr. and Mrs. Dr. Russell brought with them consecrated talents coupled with a deep spiritual concern for Congo children of the forest and their lost estate without Christ. Miss Chaplin arriving in March 1941 has similarly shared in the work. These three, aided by Moses Mbaki Sona Bata

lad and graduate of the Medical School, together with 10 student nurses have ministered medically and spiritually to over 2300 out-patients this past year. During the first 10½ months 161 minor operations and 223 major operations were performed. One hundred to one hundred and twenty patients were constantly under treatment for sleeping sickness, this in spite of many apparent and definite cures.

During the year a hospital chapel was constructed from mud wattle and thatch, accomodating about 150 patients. A native chaplain conducts daily services, visits the sick and convalescent in the wards and huts using a minimum of four languages to teach and preach that all may hear the word of God and may be led to accept the Saviour.

MARGUERITE ELDREDGE

NOTES FROM LEOPOLDVILLE

The school children gave their Christmas program on Sunday afternoon December 20th. The program was given in the open air, and was very well attended both by natives and other friends.

On Christmas eve, when we were busy decorating our little tree, we were called outside by the singing of carols by our junior choir. Some 55 boys and their teacher spent an enjoyable evening going from house to house singing, and ending up with a feast in the school. After a few hours sleep they started again at 4 o'cloock and sang until 6. The church was filled with carolers between the hours of four and six.— At 8:30 the whole school, some 350 children, and parents and friends gathered for another service. Instead of giving the school children their gifts before Christmas the Baiottis' decided to give them on Christmas morning in order that the parents may come along and hear the program and see the gifts given out. The program lasted for over two hours, but no one seemed to think it was too long, and everyone went away happy. Each child in the school received a gift. This was made possible thru the kindness of friends at home, who sent us gifts during the year. Looking down the street after the service was dismissed you could hear the harmonicas being played; see the balls tossed back and forth, and the little toy

cars being proudly exhibited to their playmates. Thus another happy Christmas has passed, and we pray that some may have found the true Peace as they listened to the Christmas story in word and song.

"O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow:
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

LINDA WATKINS

OUR BOARDING-SCHOOL GIRLS AT SONA BATA

There are seventy-two of them, this year — such happy enthusiastic youngsters. Eleven are enrolled in the 2 nd. degré courses (advanced work) of the Boarding-School. Of the others in 1 st. degré work, fifty can read in Bible, five read fairly well and six are in the beginners' class. They are eager to learn and rejoice when they get good grades in their class work. Five of the girls, enrolled in the advanced courses, teach those who are in the lower classes. They are good teachers.

The girls have all been trained to work in their villages. They are very willing and very industrious. Cook food, make native bread, hoe gardens, plant peanuts or sweet potatoes or manioc, clean yards, carry water, scrub and wash—all tasks seem to be a pleasure to them. With hoes over their shoulders, they run to the gardens. The little ones who sweep the compound often surprise us by saying: "Please, may we hoe, too?" When they carry water, they run up the steep hill in only a few minutes. All smiling, with water streaming down their faces, they come with their pails full of cool fresh spring water. So eager are they that one must often watch them. in order that they do not carry too many loads or too heavy ones for their small bodies

The girls were all very happy to receive their White Cross dresses, their head dresses and their slips. The slips were a

surprise, as they have not received any for some years. When we distributed the slips, one evening, they were almost delirious with joy. They could not stand still—they jumped around on the green grass in the beautiful moonlight, tried on the white slips and jumped some more, until one would believe they were giving an exhibition of a moonlight dance in white costumes. The slips were some too long, but the girls soon made the necessary changes, just as they did with their dresses. They enjoy sewing and can really make something quite presentable, if they have some cloth, thread and a needle.

This same enthusiasm, common among our girls one sees as well in their religious worship. They are very responsive. They like to sing, give Bible verses from memory, pray or speak, at their own meetings. Some as yet are still a little timid in large gatherings, but they will soon learn to have more self-confidence. Over fifty former Boarding-School girls have just been on the Station for a few days of inspirational meetings. They came carrying babies on their hips or behind their backs and with a heavy load of food and clothing on their heads. All were very happy to return to the School Girls Dormitory to live over again the joyful days of youth. One brought her pair of twins—two darling baby girls—one behind her back and one in her arms. After walking for four hours or more, she was still happy and content.

One could not help but be greatly impressed and inspired when these women took part in the meetings, speaking and praying. They were with us during our Week of Prayer and took active part in the services. All these women could read and how they enjoyed looking for verses in their Bibles! When a speaker mentioned a verse, they must look it up and see it with their own eyes. Yes, our Congo girls and women are coming to the Light. One prayed: We do not want to go back, God, to our days of witchcraft and darkness—no, we do not want to go back! We want to follow Thee and serve Thee. Help us, God, to live for Thee, and to lead others to Thee. Dear Friends at home, will you not pray for our girls and women that they may give their lives wholeheartedly to the Master, follow Him with courage, showing to others the Way of Salvation.

VENDLA ANDERSON

CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY

Listed in order of arrival on field or at station — present term.

BANZA MANTEKE

Miss Lena Youngsman
Rev. M.S. Engwall
Miss Grace Cooper
Rev. and Mrs. R. Metzger

MOANZA

Rev. and Mrs. L.A. Brown

TONDO

Rev. and Mrs. H.D. Brown
Dr. and Mrs. A.J.B. Russell (B.M.S.)
Miss M.K.M. Chaplin (B.M.S.)
Miss Marguerite Eldredge

LEOPOLDVILLE

Rev. and Mrs. S. Baiotti (U.T.M.)
Mr. and Mrs. H.J. Watkins

KIKONGO

Rev. and Mrs. C.E. Smith
Miss Agnes Anderson
Rev. and Mrs. B.W. Armstrong

VANGA

Rev. and Mrs. W.F. Robbins
Miss Ruth Dickey
Dr. and Mrs. H.M. Freas

KIMPESE

Rev. and Mrs. H. Erickson

SONA BATA

Dr. and Mrs. G.W. Tuttle
Rev. Mrs. and P.A. MacDiarmid
Miss EmilySatterberg
Miss Vendla Anderson
Dr. and Mrs. R. Bréchet (PHILAFRICAN MISSION)
Miss Mary Bonar

ON FURLOUGH OR EN ROUTE

Rev. and Mrs. E.G. Hall
Dr. Dorothea Witt
Mrs. M.S. Engwall
Rev. and Mrs. E. Atkins
Miss Eva Shepard
Miss Alice Jorgenson
Rev. and Mrs. J.E. Geil
Dr. C.L. Mabie
Miss Esther Ehnbom
Rev. and Mrs. G.W. Carpenter
Miss Mildred Tice
Rev. and Mrs. U.A. Lanoue
Dr. and Mrs. A.C. Osterholm